

LEW FIELDS'S RETURN LEADS THE THEATRICAL WEEK



Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield
"Blue Paradise" Forty Fourth St.



Laura Hamilton Cathleen Nesbitt
"Step This Way" Shubert "Justice" Candler



Sir Herbert
Falstaff forgets
his make-up
Constance Collier, Henrietta Crossman
and Sir Herbert at a rehearsal
of "The Merry Wives of Windsor"

DRAMA INDOORS AND OUT

Mr. MacKaye's Attempt to Adapt to the Latter the Technique of the Former.

By GEORGE S. KAUFMAN.

IN the preface to "Caliban" Percy MacKaye writes:

To the casual reader, this Masque, as visualized merely on these printed pages, may appear to be a structure simply of written words. In reality it is a structure of potential interrelated pantomime, music, dance, lighting, acting, song (choral and lyric), scene values, stage management and SPOKEN words.

The association of ideas and emotions which only the spoken word can evoke is . . . a dramatic value which the art of the theatre cannot consistently ignore. It is chiefly because those artist-experts in word values, the poets, who might contribute their special technique to the theatre's art, turn elsewhere creatively, that the field is left unchallenged and open to the grifted school of the visualists. The true dramatic art—which involves ideally a total cooperation—does not, and can not, exclude the poet-dramatist.

Now, therefore, when the poets are working to a new power and control of expression, here especially in our own country, if they will both learn and teach in this larger school, there rises before us the promise of an art more sensuous, sane and communal than the theatre has ever known.

So, in the pioneering adventure of this Masque, which seeks by experiment to relate the spoken word to its larger cooperation with the visual arts, I have devised a structure in which the English language, spoken by actors, is an essential dramatic value.

Why, then, take pains (as I have done) to make it relatively non-essential in case it should not be heard? For this reason: that now—at the present temporary and still groping stage of development of community Masque organization and production—there can be, in the nature of the case, no complete assurance beforehand of adequate acoustics in setting, or of voices trained to large-scale outdoor speech.

But, if this be so, would it not be the wisest part of creative value to adapt my structure wholly to these elementary conditions, risk nothing, and devise simply pantomime?

No, for by that principle no forward step for the spoken word could ever be taken. If we are to progress in this new art we must seek to make producing conditions conform to the spoken play, even more than the play to those conditions.

In the foregoing, written in apparent anticipation of the exact condition that has resulted, Mr. MacKaye partially disarms criticism by calling attention to the fact that the Masque, in its present state, is an experiment. Despite its undoubted success as a spectacle, we believe that it is an experiment along the wrong lines—that the idea, although excellently carried out, is basically wrong.

We will admit that we were overwhelmingly surprised by "Caliban." It was better, infinitely better, than we

The Week's Premiere

"STEP THIS WAY" at the Shubert theatre to-morrow night. Lew Fields will make his appearance in his new summer show, which is a modern version of his great success, "The Girl Behind the Counter," produced at the Herald Square Theatre in 1907. The book of the new version is by Edgar Smith, while the lyrics and music have been renovated by E. Ray Goetz and Bert Grant.

One act is set in the Universal Department Store, London, and the other, of course, is the "Jardin de Paris." Mr. Fields will be seen in his original role of Henry Schniff, a soldier of misfortune, who is bedazzled by the sudden transition from life in a boarding house to a butterfly existence on Easy Avenue.

Prominent in the supporting cast are John Charles Thomas, late mounter of the Jungfrau in "Alone at Last"; Laura Hamilton, Alice Fisher, Beth Lydy, Lew Brice, Fannie Hasbrouck, Louise Clark, Virginia Richardson, Martha Ehrlich, Charles Judels, Nan J. Brennon, Gladys Clark, Henry Bergman, Margaret Ferrell and Charles Mitchell.

BEHOLD! THE FRISKY FRIARS FROLIC!

REALLY, there doesn't seem to be much use of singing the praises of the Friars' Frolic. It's this way. The seats for the only New York performance to-night at the New Amsterdam were all sold long ago, and strong men fought with each other and bit one another to purchase them. Yes, sir!—fought and bit for the privilege of paying \$50 or \$60 a seat.

So, to tell you how good a show it's going to be, and thus to whet your appetite, would be cruel if you haven't a ticket and useless if you have. In the latter event you're going, anyhow, so what's the use? Still, the Friars' volunteer press committee has been working darned hard of late, and it seems sort of cruel to disappoint them. So take a long breath and then notice what follows:

George M. Cohan is the Great Big Guy. He hasn't written the whole show, but he has rewritten it and put it together. Next in order is Irving Berlin, who has composed a dozen of those Alexandrian tunes especially for the occasion. Also one William Collier, who hasn't acted hereabouts for months and months, worse luck! Incidentally, he is bringing along his son, William, Jr.—you may remember him as "Buster" before he began to earn big money in the films.

The Friars' minstrels will open the frolic. A coterie of famous black-faced mirth provokers has been enlisted for this portion of the entertainment. Three sets of end men and interlocutors will be used. The opening number will bring John King and James Doyle as the bones, Eddie Garvie and Harland Dixon as tambors, with Julius Tannen and Max Figan as interlocutors. After a ballad by Vaughn Comfort and a song and dance by Doyle and Dixon the second edition will be introduced. This section will find Andrew Mack and Frank Tinney as bones, Hap Ward and Neil O'Brien as tambors, with James J. Corbett and Nat C. Goodwin as the interlocutors.

The third edition will introduce George M. Cohan and George Primrose as the bones, Lew Lockstader and William Collier as the tambors, with Jerry J. Cohan and Buster Collier as the interlocutors. This is the first time in theatrical history that two fathers and two sons will appear at the same performance.

of a character is his scrupulousness of accomplishment. When once he has mastered the idea, however daring and original, he carries it out in such fashion that it bears conviction.

"What remedy do you suggest for the matinee-idol sort of actor?" Mr. Harding was asked.

"Well, I should say less egotism, for one thing," he answered. "No amount of work will help much if a man or woman lacks a realization of human nature so sensitive and all-pervading that it touches life at every point and in the most varied directions. Now, it stands to reason that any one with a highly developed ego cannot meet this condition. The tendency to 'lionize' an actor, whether on the part of the public or his management, with increased receipts as the object in view, literally 'poils' him, for it is a menace to his art."

The performance at the New Amsterdam will be followed by a tour of Atlantic City, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo, Rochester, Boston and Providence.

And then—who knows?—they just MAY give another performance or two in New York.

Brighton Beach Music Hall.

Yra Jeanne has been engaged for the prima donna role in "The Yankee Prince," with which Frank A. Girard will open the Brighton Beach Music Hall on June 10. She will be supported by Dorothy Wright, Dave Mallen and a chorus of thirty. There will be matinees Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

Luna Park's Second Week.

The Bostwick animal arena, the opening of which has been delayed, will be on view at Luna Park this week.

AN OPINION ON THE FILMS

Mr. Louis Mann, one of the few actors who has not acted before the motion picture camera, was asked to write an article giving his reasons for total abstinence. They are presented here unencumbered as the opinions of Mr. Mann.

By LOUIS MANN.

THERE can be no radio activity on the screen. There is no soul in the films. They are merely mechanical and photographic and never interpretative. Therefore they are not art. Would you feed false and fallacious pabulum to those who do not know? It is the contention of my critics that not all the theatregoers can afford to pay \$2 to see me act, and that the motion picture theatres, where they can go for a dime, is their only alternative. It is true that many are not in possession of this world's goods to warrant their paying \$2, but that is no reason why there should be thrust upon them that which is pernicious and banal.

It is equally true that majorities are invariably wrong and must be led by the discretionary minority. I am not arrogating to myself any superiority either socially, artistically or even mentally, save only that in my own sphere I am able to see the wheels go round and ought, after many years' association with those masters of the drama, Booth, Barrett and many others, to be qualified to speak with authority and understanding.

I have been criticised for saying that the proper place for motion pictures is in the schoolhouse and not in the theatre, and I am preparing my answer. I do not forget the poor with their dimes and pennies. When I say that the proper place for the motion pictures is in the schoolhouse, not the theatre, I mean that the former has tremendous didactic value, but only for the display of that which is educational, for the visualization of current events, studies of foreign countries unattainable to the poor who might never be able to see them and in a general sense for that which is pictorial.

No, let us not forget the poor and their pleasures, but rather seek to feed them with the solid and substantial literature of the masters, such literature as Lincoln, the rail-splitter, and Garfield, the boy on the towpath, devoured and which ultimately led them to the White House.

If the material that is, to use pedestrian English, chucked together by this late crop of motion picture scenario writers shall prevail, then will surely come the negation of literature and the decadence of a nation.

Do you believe a Shakespeare, a Goethe, a Sudermann or an Ibsen could be born where there is no incentive to high ideals? Why waste a year and sometimes two to build a legitimate drama on truth, tearing one's heart out fittingly to present all that is veritas in the human emotions, when some whippersnapper, unable to speak one line of good English and with no understanding of philosophy—which should be the background and buttress of all plays—can in one hour toss together the blasé material that satisfies the rabble that pays its dimes for pleasures?

I wonder why the newspapers will not give as much space to exploiting the graces of a good book as they do to the unreal motion picture plays. That would, I believe, make for progress. It is true that for the same reason that these screen players have been exploited that a number of players have lent themselves to appear before the camera, but there are still a number of truly artistic souls who can never be lured from their proper sphere even by the merry, merry clink of gold. Among these honorables I have only to mention such names as Maude Adams, Julia Marlowe, George M. Cohan, David Warfield, John Drew and, in all modesty, myself.

THE PRESIDENT'S SONG

JOHN L. GOLDEN, the song writer and playwright, has just completed a unique preparedness song, the lyric of which was really composed by President Wilson.

For some time Mr. Golden, who wrote most of the songs for "Chin-Chin" and the Hippodrome, has been waiting to write a preparedness song. But he didn't know just how to go about it.

Reading one of the President's speeches one day, he came upon an accidental rhyme, as follows:

"Every man is wide awake and watchful for his country's sake."

While considering this for the refrain of a song, Mr. Golden developed an idea. Why not take the entire phraseology of the song from Mr. Wilson's speeches? With this thought in mind, he carefully conned all of the President's addresses as delivered on his last swing through the West, selecting appropriate bits and phrases that had rhythm.

Then he sat down with his data before him and evolved the following lyric. The words in bold type are the exact words of the President. Here and there Mr. Golden had to make an alteration, addition or inversion to smooth out the lit of the lines:

America, you're cried "Awake!" by voices of the night—
Disturbed and reddened night
If flames should touch our continent, for sparks are falling near.
Then every volunteer will answer: "Here!"
Patriotism of our land is not an empty name;
Our glory and our fame
Must never bow in shame.
So use your great abundant strength, with effort never cease
To keep your honor and the world in peace.

CHORUS.
Fall into line for your motherland. have no other land in your heart!
The sighing of oppressed, the crying of distressed
Are calling you to do your part.
Altogether men, join the band.
And if there's fighting to be done
Then Johnny get your gun, get your gun, get your gun
And fall in line for your motherland.

The blood of every nation's running strong within your veins
And freed from brphen-chains
Are men of brains and brains
Ready to forget themselves, forget their love of life
And die for honor, mother, home or wife.
Our destiny lies written in poetic line and song:

The mission of the strong
Must be to right each wrong.
The nation's up and every single man is wide awake
And waiting—watchful for his country's sake.

Mr. Golden told about his song to a brother Lamb, Dudley Field Malone, a close friend of the President's. Mr. Malone thought it was a great idea, and told the President about it. Consequently Mr. Golden was invited to the White House, to play the composition for Mr. and Mrs. Wilson.

The President was delighted, and told Mr. Golden so. When Mr. Golden got home he received the following letter:

The White House, Washington.
My Dear Mr. Golden: Mrs. Wilson and I were greatly pleased to see you and to hear the march, and I am writing to say how sincerely I hope you will have great success in

launching it. It quickens the blood and carries a spur which only music, apparently, can use, and I am sincerely complimented that you should have chosen the words for the song from my speeches. I envy those who can make any great impulse, particularly the great impulse of patriotism, move in such strains and accents as will quicken the pulse of a whole people. Cordially and sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

When the various publishers heard about Mr. Golden's song they offered him a lot of money for it. Mr. Dillingham tried to get it for the Hippodrome show. But Mr. Golden is not going to sell it. He is going to give it away.

"If this song is a real preparedness and patriotic song, as I believe it to be, I want it to go to every town and hamlet in the United States. I've never written a ten-cent song before, but this is going to be as cheap as I can get it printed. I'm not going to make a penny in cash out of it. It's my contribution to the preparedness campaign."

PORTMANTEAU PLAYERS.

The first in a series of special summer performances to be given by Sir Walter's Portmanteau Theatre Company will take place to-morrow evening in the Seventh Regiment Armory, Park avenue and Sixty-sixth Street, as an entertainment feature of the biennial convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, now in session. Mr. Walker will present "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil," the one act play given at the Portmanteau House settlement when the Portmanteau made its bow to the public. The players will include Judith Lowry, Nancy Winston, Gregory Kelly, McKay Morris, Edgar Stehli, William Farrell and Mr. Walker.

Other summer performances to be given by the Portmanteau company will occur at the Montclair Athletic Club, Montclair, N. J., June 20; the Crescent Athletic Club of Brooklyn, June 21; the State Normal School at Indiana, Pa., June 26, and later engagements at the Philmont Country Club, Philadelphia, and clubs in and about New York city.

The Portmanteau Theatre repertory for the summer appearances will include the first American production of "Gammer Gurton's Needle," the early English folk comedy; "The Lady of the Weeping Willow Tree," a three-act Japanese legendary play, and a group of one-act plays including "The Triumph," "Nevertheless" and "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil."

In presenting his entertainment, Mr. Walker carries a complete playhouse—stage, lighting system and all, the Portmanteau being a movable, portable theatre, quite aptly styled, "The Theatre That Comes to You."

Yorkville German Theatre.

The Yorkville Deutsches Theatre is again open and flourishing after being intermittently closed for two days by the police. Mr. Raschman has revised some of the sketches, which include "Die G'schmige," "69," and "Das Starke Stück." Annie Bauer, called "The Darling of Vienna," Miss Glitz, Rudi Rahe and other artists will present specialties.

LYN HARDING ON PLAY VS. PLAYER

IT is a not infrequent occurrence on the New York stage for a play to be temporarily discontinued because of the indisposition of the star. Indeed, several instances illustrating this fact have happened within the past few months.

To Lyn Harding, who is now Master Ford, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," this state of affairs is extremely regrettable. Accented on the subject in his dressing room at the New Amsterdam, he said:

"In the struggle between the play as a work of art and the personality of the players as exponents of that art it looks as though the American theatre-going public backs the players, which seems to me to be a great pity. When a theatre closes its doors because some member of the company, however charming he may be, cannot appear, I feel that such action should stimulate a great concern in the minds of those to whom the art of the theatre is important.

"Naturally, a man who precipitates his rendering of a character over the footlights with conviction, sympathy, electricity, wins interest. But it is salutary to bear in mind that he has submerged himself in a type perhaps in contradistinction to his own; that personally there is nothing in common, and that, in a word, 'the play's the thing.' It seems to me, in the name of common sense, that if one has no interest in a play and is led to attend it through